

The Latin School Register

1635
month 20
Aug 13th

*Likewise y was then gen^{ally} agreed
upon y^t o^r brother, Philemon Pormont,
shalbe intreated to become Schole-
master, for y^e teaching & nourter-
ing of children wth vs.*

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Latin School Register.

VOL. XV

BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1896

No. 6

QUATRAINS.

All the world to us eccentric is ;
Not for aught that's in itself alone,
But because its eccentricities
Differ from our own.

If it were not for Winter's dreary snows,
Then Summer's beauty would not be so
rare ;
Without November's barren fields the rose
Were not so fair.

Why blame the moon because her beauty's
lent her ?
Does she not give to you her borrowed
light ?
Without the glory of her silver splendor
How drear the night !

When judging aught of music or of art,
If e'er displeasure greets the ear or eye,
See first, when blame you ruthlessly impart,
If not within yourself the fault doth lie.

H. S. B., '98.

JUDITH HUDSON.

HENRY LATIMER SEEVER.

CHAPTER VI.

Tom, with the aid of the troopers with him, hastily constructed a litter of boughs for his sister, and placed the wounded girl upon it. Bearing this sorry burden he returned to the road where the others were awaiting him. The little cavalcade went back to their camp with drooping spirits. Even the flush of victory failed to dispel the gloom that had settled on them. Judith Hudson was well known and equally well loved in all that little country side; and even the stern troopers, accustomed to the horrors of war, were moved by the pitiable

sight of the dying girl lying on the leafy couch, and her young brother, mounted on his horse, riding slowly at her side, with his face rigid and his eye glazed with a stare of indifference. Yet the soldiers knew what was in his heart, for he frequently pressed his hand to his breast as if suffering acute pain.

When they reached the green a more comfortable horse-litter was made to take Judith to Albany. Tom resigned command of the company and a successor was elected. Meanwhile a leech of little knowledge and less experience was found in those motley ranks to care for Judith's wound. He did the best he could, washed and bandaged her head very carefully, but confessed that it was doubtful if his patient lived long enough to be taken to Albany. Many of the bravest and best of his company offered to go with Tom, so he chose two of the least spirited of the horses and two of the friendly troopers, and, having hung the litter upon the two horses the troopers were mounted on, the sorrowful party set out for Albany, leaving the silent camp and pitying soldiers behind.

The progress of this rude ambulance was very slow, for the girl's life was hanging in the balance. Day by day the vital spark seemed to sink lower and lower, till even Tom began to despair of arriving with his precious charge alive.

When still some fifteen miles from Albany a storm was seen collecting in the darkening sky. Tom and the troopers hastily rigged a rubber covering over the litter and fastened it down at the sides to keep the occupant safe from the rain. The air was still that death-like stillness that precedes a heavy shower. Occasionally a fitful breath of subdued wind would flap the rubber curtain on the ambulance. Still Tom and the troopers rode on in silence, their collars turned up

and their fire-arms covered in preparation for the coming rain. At last the storm broke. The great tree tops thrashed about in the strong wind and huge drops began to patter on the earth. The wind increased in violence and the rain came down in torrents, turning the highway to a river of mud. The air was thick with leaves torn, still green, from the lashing boughs of the trees. The sky was so dark that it seemed almost night and the riders were drenched to the skin.

Gradually, however, the storm abated and finally stopped. The air was delightfully cool and fresh. The moist earth sent up her various odors and the birds commenced to sing again along the border of the woods. As the clouds cleared away the last rays of the setting sun could be seen, painting the western sky with golden glory. Little by little the light faded away and the mist of evening arose from the reeking earth. The shadows deepened and the stars began to peep out from their lofty eminence in the great heavens.

In his grief Tom felt as never before the beauties of nature. The three men scarce exchanged a word during their whole journey, and Tom was left to his thoughts. He let his bridle hang on his horse's neck, trusting to the sagacious animal to pick his way along the road. Tom looked all around him at the dripping trees, over the misty meadows, upon the dim, purpled mountain ridge, or at the silvery thread of the river far away. Then he gazed at the stars above his head. They seemed to be all shining that night, and the milky way traced a belt of brilliance across the heavens. Tom felt a weight on his heart as if he were on the eve of a great calamity, and the stars seemed so quiet and calm. And they had never seemed so far away. They seemed almost retreating and vanishing in glittering space. In the vital moments of our lives, such as occur but once in many years, thoughts crowd into our brain in wonderful profusion. Such a moment was this in Tom's life.

He remembered his early youth and home and his mother, and he thought how she used to tell him the story of the little match

girl when he watched in the summer sky for falling stars.

Just then he heard a faint breath, as of a person relieved of wearying pain, proceeding from the rude ambulance at his side. Even then he beheld one of the most brilliant of the stellar orbs quit its brilliant setting in that vast dome, and, tracing a burning course of light, cross the heavens and vanish in darkness. Tom dared not raise the curtains of the ambulance and look beneath. He rode on in silence and his thoughts were too deep for tears.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE ADVENTURE OF THE "EUREKA" MINE.

PART II.

I took a step toward the ladder which peeped out of the dark hole in the floor, but the miner who had spoken before grasped my arm.

"A moment, friend. I go first," he said, in his deep voice. He stepped on the ladder and I saw his head and shoulders disappear down the dark gap. Then it was my turn. I stepped with a quaking heart on the slippery rungs, and, as a cold gust from the bottom of the mine almost blew out my candle, I would have retreated, had it not been for the thought of Holmes in great danger. We descended about fifty feet almost perpendicularly and then I got off the ladder to step on another which came through a small hole to my left. Down this I went, only to meet a second, a third, a fourth, and a fifth one, each like the first. At the bottom of the fifth one, I saw we had reached the limit of the perpendicular descent and were on a more gradual incline.

I followed the leader's light, for it was so misty I could not see the carrier, and found, on turning a slight curve, that I was walking on a path scarcely three feet wide, one side being the solid rock, the other a scant fence of only one board, beyond that — darkness. I grasped this rail with feverish anxiety, when suddenly I felt it quiver within my grasp, and then the plank I held slipped from my hand. Down, down it went and no sound

of its striking did I hear. With a sickening feeling, I thought what would have been my fate if I had followed that plank?

We had descended about seventy-five feet on the incline, when I saw the leader's light disappear. I rushed on and found myself at the top of another ladder. This was a short one and brought us to the main shaft, from which was the bucket hoist. We crawled down the slippery rails of the track and, turning a bend, came to a stout oak door which was built across the path. Behind this the miners go when they are blasting, but these doors are not always protections, for the miner pointed to a large hole, fully two feet in diameter, which had been caused by a fragment of ore from a blast, going through the three-inch planks.

Our attention was suddenly called to a hoarse, gurgling cry in front of us; and, as we descended on the run, at the peril of our necks, we came to the edge of the bottomless pit, around which our path had wound. From what seemed to be not more than twenty-five feet down this, the noise came.

"Is that you, Holmes?" I cried.

"Yes, Watson." I heard in a cool, deliberate voice, "have you got a rope?"

"No," I said.

"Well, cut off some of that pull-wire and jump down here. It is not more than fifteen feet; and have one of the men lower a candle." I did as I was bid and landed in the soft soil, and there I saw Holmes holding down the most fearful specimen of the *genus homo* I ever saw. A huge miner, surely six feet tall, with long, matted hair and glaring eyes, was under Holmes, and from this man came those gurgling cries.

I gave Holmes the wire and he dexterously bound the miner; then, taking the candle, he led me into a sort of cave in the solid rock. Here a horrible stench greeted our senses. Holding the candle over his head, Holmes pointed down a shallow pit in front of us. There were the mouldering remains of the twelve unfortunates who had been the victims of this brute, for he was the devil of the mine. With great difficulty we got this herculean monster to the level of the shaft,

where we dumped him, bound with the wire, into the bucket and pulled the hoist bell. Then, as I had never seen a copper mine before, the miners who were with us showed us over the mine and told us several of their adventures and narrow escapes. The old, grizzled fellow who seemed to be a sort of ringleader among the miners, told us more minutely about the fall which had shut off our prisoner and his two sons. He took us to the place, which was very near the spot where Holmes had captured the maniac.

It seems that there were two galleries, one above the other. The upper one had run downwards and the lower one upwards, so that not more than twenty feet of rock separated the shafts. One day, by some unfortunate chance, the miners in both shafts blasted at once. The result was that the flooring of the upper shaft fell and shut the miners in the lower shaft, in a small space not more than six feet square; but, as the fall had been very uneven, the prisoners were able to get enough fresh air through the crevices to keep them alive. The floor of the upper shaft had, in falling, brought the top with it, and this prevented the rescuing party from working in from above. Lord Collingwood paid the workers £5 a day, but it was no use.

"It was a terrible sight when we got in," the old fellow said. "You know we could hear them through the cracks a-talkin' in thar, and we allays shouted back ter them. It kept them kinder hopeful-like, you know. We was four days gettin' at them and workin' day and night, and we could hear their voices a-gettin' weaker and weaker every day. I was the first ter break through and I'll never forget the sight I saw then. There were ther two lads, they was only about twenty-one and nineteen, and the youngest had only jest come down ter work in ther mine, clasped in each other's arms, with their two heads together near a crack, so as ter get some air, and both dead." The old fellow's chest heaved suspiciously when he finished his story, but both of us were affected, too.

After examining the mine a little longer, we leisurely ascended the ladders. When we reached the surface we received a great ova-

tion, for the men whom Holmes had placed at the bucket-hoist to take the maniac if he should be captured, had told everybody they met, and, as a result, all Tregaron, with Lord Collingwood at the head, was out to greet us.

"Holmes, you are truly a wonderful man," said he, grasping his hand warmly. "Who would have thought that that man was the cause of all the terrible misfortune which hung over us. We have sent him away in the tax-cart to our county asylum, for he has told all in his ravings. He labored under the delusion that he had to sacrifice a life on the first of every month to his two sons, Willie and Eddie, who died on the first of July. He thought his sons would suffer the torments of hell if he did not offer a substitute the first of every month. But how could you master him single-handed? You do not look very strong," said his lordship, hesitatingly. "But come, you must dine with my wife and me, and it is a good five-mile drive to the castle."

The crowd, also, would not believe that Holmes could master such a monster; but when he picked up one of the rails of the mine track, three-quarters of an inch thick and an inch and a half wide, and bent it into his monogram, they let him go. The brisk ride to Lord Collingwood's castle gave us a voracious appetite, and after enjoying a smoking hot dinner with Lord Collingwood and his charming wife, we adjourned to the smoking-room, where Lady Collingwood demanded the whole story from Holmes.

"There is very little to tell, your ladyship," said he. "When I first heard of the mystery from Mr. Crawford, I saw it only needed a bold, straightforward course to probe it to the end. When he casually mentioned that this disappearance of the first man down was on the first of the month and that this miner lost his two sons on the first of July, I, of course, connected the two events, because, often cases have occurred similar to this one, when a maniac thought he had to sacrifice a victim to some friend once every month. When I heard of the asylum being burnt, I easily conjectured that he might have escaped. Such a strong man

could have burst his bonds without trouble. Then I knew it must be a man, because what else could have calculated the time so accurately? The one thing I could not see was, where could he have concealed himself without ever being met? When Mr. Crawford mentioned the bottomless pit, I instantly saw through everything; for, of all things, I do not believe in bottomless pits and pools. When I was at college, I once strolled for a walk to a favorite spot of mine, a supposed bottomless pool. When I reached there I found that the daughter of a neighboring squire, while rowing on this pond, had lost a very handsome engagement ring and she was very much afflicted thereat. I determined to prove a knight errant and to try to find the ring.

"I had doubts about the pool being very deep, because I had been out rowing often on it and two-thirds of the way out I could touch bottom with my oar. To be sure, I couldn't do it in the centre, but then, my oar was very short. The next day I tried it; and, inquiring where the ring had been dropped, I dove there and soon found it, the water being nowhere more than fifteen feet deep. So I gallantly returned it to the tearful owner. After that I had no faith in bottomless pits and pools.

"Of course I was not sure, and consequently wished to go alone. I found out as much as I could about the mine from the miners, and I made up my mind that it probably was this miner. I saw that he could not have concealed himself on the first half a dozen descents, because there was no place, so I concluded it must have been lower down in the mine. I was passing the spot where Watson found us, when he leaped on me from behind. It was done so suddenly that I could not get my footing, but I fell and caught my foot in the wire which rang the bell and brought you down. When we reached the bottom he attempted to strangle me, but he reckoned without his host, and of course you know the rest."

Lord and Lady Collingwood were delighted with Sherlock's narrative, but her ladyship asked how he supposed he lived all this time.

"Well," said Holmes, "he could get plenty of water in the mine, and I found out from the miners that frequently they had missed food from their lunch pails, which they supposed some fellow miner had abstracted, but which was undoubtedly the work of this fiend."

Lord Collinwood then asked Holmes why it was that the descending miners never heard the maniac. Holmes said: "I think that the miners made so much noise on their way down that they deadened the sound of the mad man's footsteps. The reason he was not seen is because he concealed himself behind the screen. He probably did with the others as he did with me. As I passed through the screen he was right side of me, and if I had not had the presence of mind to immediately fall when he grappled me, and to catch my foot in the wire, I probably would have had no more adventures for my good friend Watson, here, to chronicle. As it was, it was a narrow escape, for he came on me with a rush that almost lifted me off my feet, and when I fell over the edge I was nearly stunned. I waited a moment to get my breath, and then, using a little trick of mine, I soon had him over. Then, of course, all was easy; but, I tell you, it was a hard job to keep him down. He was the strongest man I have ever met."

Lady Collingwood then asked Holmes several questions concerning his early training and how he got his taste for detective work. Holmes, as usual in such questions, turned them aside politely. Then Lord Collingwood asked him to relate some of his former adventures. Holmes had just started "The Adventure with Torpedo-Boat, No. 64," when a telegram was brought in by the butler for "Mr. Sherlock Holmes." Holmes excused himself and opened it and then exclaimed: "Ah, Watson, as I thought, they want me for that train robbery on the Northumberland Central." F. H., '97.

MILITARY.

"Arma virumque cano."

During the past month there have been several school dances, all of which have been very successful and pleasant.

The order of company movements to be used at the prize drill has been announced. There are but few changes from the order of last year. The manual of arms, however, is entirely new.

Captain Paget sent tickets to the higher field officers in the High and Latin Schools, to a dance given in Odd Fellows' Hall, February 6th, under the auspices of the Veteran Fusiliers of Boston. Although the evening was stormy, the hall was crowded with officers wearing the uniforms of various military organizations of this state. The hall was elaborately decorated with flags and bunting, and all who attended were highly delighted.

On January 31st, many of the officers attended a public drill at the Roxbury High School. The company drills were fine in the estimation of all present.

There is talk of having a team race between two or more of the companies at the school meet, to be held in the drill hall February 29th. If this race takes place, the contestants will appear in full uniform, although it has not been specified whether they will carry their guns.

CHARLES LEE KITTREDGE.

Charles Lee Kittredge of the Fifth class died on the 26th January, after an illness of two weeks. He was a gentle, affectionate, loyal companion, very much liked by his classmates; and to everyone who knew him an example of all that is attractive in boyhood.

From the beginning of his course he entered heartily into the life of our school. In his Sixth class year, beside maintaining an excellent standing in scholarship, he was an editor of "1900," the journal printed by his class; and, though physically delicate, he joined in their athletic games.

His was a short life; yet it was long enough to leave to his teachers and fellow pupils the enduring remembrance of one with whom it is a privilege to have associated.

THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER.

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FEBRUARY, 1896.

It has probably been the experience of every board of managers of the LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER that they were not satisfied with the paper. It has happened every year that something has been said of "improvements" and "changes" that would make the paper what it ought to be. It has been frequently advised that one of the editors be chosen from the second class of the school. This plan seems a very good one, but has never been carried into effect. The paper would be much more a *school* paper, which it pretends to be, than a *class* paper, which it has a constant tendency to become. A wider interest would make a better paper.

But the main trouble is not there. The trouble is in the school. It is most certainly the fate of any school paper that has not the sympathy and active interest of the school, that it dwindle more and more to a personal affair, and become the work solely of its editors. Marvellous are the editors that can compose a whole paper to interest six hundred boys.

It is a fact that the REGISTER, when compared with other school papers, does not suffer much in comparison; but once remove this comparative view, and consider the paper itself as a paper, and its faults become glaring.

One fault of long standing has been slowly eradicated in our paper, though not in all our exchanges. The school paper is not intended to instruct, but to entertain. For many years it was customary to print compositions written as class work by members of

the school. This confounding of school tasks with the school paper is certainly unadvisable, and it has now been quite done away with in the REGISTER. Yet one of the brightest school papers in our city still considers this practice justifiable. Doubtless it is less objectionable in a girls' school, where the pupils, as a rule, take a more lively interest than in a boys' school.

The place of the story in a school paper seems to be a much battled question. In girls' papers the story ran to sentiment, from which it is not quite recovered, but is convalescent. In boys' papers the story became the most fatal and pernicious affair, the vacation trip and fishing excursion. The story has a legitimate place in a school paper, but the story must be one of entertainment, not instruction. Moralizing or soliloquy is a heinous defect in a school paper story. The story seems to have begun a course of development in school periodicals, and, we hope, will attain a high degree of perfection.

But now we come to our paper's weak point. Little matters of school news, and items of interest to pupils, amusing anecdotes, or comical occurrences, funny translations, or good jokes. — oh, how much they add to a school paper! A joke is more precious to an editor than rubies and fine gold. The reason of this value is the rarity of good jokes. Yet, if we can judge from the sounds of merriment constantly bursting from one room or another, there is always something funny happening in the school. It is for just this purpose that reporters are chosen in every room. The editors cannot be everywhere at once to note interesting occurrences in the school, so the reporters should act as deputies and *report* such matters to the paper. The reporter on the school paper is the least developed of all the paper's officials. If properly managed, a large corps of reporters ought to make an excellent paper.

Poetry has always been a tender subject to treat in school papers, but the whole matter is just this: good poetry is an excellent ingredient, poor poetry the worst imaginable.

It is of great interest to editors to look over the exchanges from schools that are

subject to the same conditions that their schools are. In our Boston schools there are some school journals that have admirable points. There is not a military or sporting column in any paper that comes under our consideration better than these departments of the *E. H. S. Record*. There is rarely more beautiful poetry printed in school papers than some that has appeared in recent numbers of the *G. H. S. Distaff*. The pages of school news in the *G. L. S. Jabberwock* are models for school journalism, and the editorials the "*Jab*" gives its readers are to be envied of editors. No paper seems yet to have found the secret of the good story. That is still a Gordian knot.

These comments have been made with a fond hope of arousing some interest in making our paper excellent, and of encouraging all attempts which may in any way contribute to making the *Latin School Register* what it ought to be, but is not.

OUR TRACK TEAM.

Heretofore the track team at B. L. S. has not been as good as it might have been, when the size of the school is considered. This year we have good hopes of producing a team which, although it may not win the championship, at least will surely do good work in the Interscholastic games.

Other years we have lacked a good trainer but we now have secured an excellent one, Mr. J. G. Lathrop of Harvard, to look out for us until the meet.

Our chief hopes are in the middle and long distances, as we have a large number of men trying for these events. Perhaps the men doing the best work now in the 600-yard run are: Bush, who is making fast time and will develop greatly under the new training system, and Noone, who is one of our last year runners and who presses Bush hard every day. Those doing best in the 1000-yard run are Crawford, Durham and Lincoln. Crawford and Lincoln are runners who made last year's team.

In the dashes and 300-yard run, Daly, Davidson, Maguire, Tuttle, Mahony and Curran are doing finely.

Mallet in the walk is hoped to win a place, and Kesselhuth's chances in the shot-put are excellent. Duffield is also walking well.

In the high jump we have two old jumpers, Wood and Whalen, both doing over 5 feet, 3 inches. In the hurdles we pin our faith on Maguire, Daly, Robinson and Mahoney. We have no one in the pole vault who can go high enough to win a point.

On the 29th of February, we shall hold a Class Meet in the school drill hall. It will be open to all members of this school, and the class securing the largest number of points will receive the championship of the school.

First place in each event will count five points; second place, two; third place, one. There will be two prizes in each event. There will be team races between different classes. Those already arranged are: a race between the Fifth and Sixth classes, one between companies C and D, and there will probably be one also between the First and Second classes.

Capt. Paget has offered a special prize for the best runner in our regiment. Tickets to this meet can be secured of any member of the athletic team, and it is hoped that every boy in the school will purchase at least one ticket. Entry fee for competitors is twenty-five cents, and the entries close February 21.

The interscholastic team will be chosen directly after this meet, so let every one desiring to make the team come out *now*.

ARTHUR W. LINCOLN.

A LA MODE.

Really, Jack was the strangest fellow I ever met. You remember he always had some new scheme on hand, something in which millions just rolled around waiting to be picked up. Dear old Jack, most of the grand ideas with which he hoped to revolutionize the world failed to materialize. I remember one in particular.

Jerry and I were sitting in our room one evening, waiting for something to turn up. Jerry was on the couch and I was reading. You remember Jerry, don't you? Don't you remember how lazy he was? Well, we were waiting for something to turn up, as I said

before, and had about come to the conclusion that there was nothing to be turned out by waiting for something to turn up, and so we determined to turn in. We had a slight hope in Jack, but he was so very uncertain that our hope in him was but a slight one. Jerry was endeavoring to unfasten a patent collar button from the back of his shirt without getting up off the couch, and I was reading "just one more chapter" when the door opened and Jack stepped in.

"Hello!" said he, "going to the straw rather early to-night? Chickens haven't gone to roost yet. Say, I've got a scheme."

"Isn't the first one," said Jerry, with a groan.

"Well, it's a good one," asserted Jack.

"All right, let's hear it," I said.

"Well," he began, "we'll start a football team."

"A football team," I cried, and Jerry groaned loudly. "Why — why — why, who'll play?" I at length faltered.

"Oh," he answered, with the greatest assurance, "we'll put Jerry centre, and you can play one half and I'll play the other, and — why, there are fifty fellows that would just jump at the chance."

"Yes," I remarked, slowly, "and what would we do when we got the team together?"

"Oh," he answered, after some thought, "we might get our pictures taken."

Jack is so uncertain you never could put much confidence in his ideas.

AUGUSTINE HERBERT.

ATHLETICS.

The English High School held its first annual set of indoor handicap games on February 15. The events were all hotly contested, and in one or two, good marks were made. The interest centred in the High-Latin team race, and continuous cheering accompanied the runners.

To get the pole was to have two chances at the race. On the toss-up Purtell won, and, after Emery took the lead at the first corner, E. H. S. was never headed. Their second

relay unintentionally threw a hurdle in front of Lincoln at one of the corners, and it was on account of this mishap that the race was given to us.

Converse, from scratch, did 5 ft., 4 in. in the high jump, and M. Clarence O'Brien's put of 38 ft., 2 in. beats his own Interscholastic indoor record by 1 ft., 8 in.

Larry O'Toole's walking was a feature, as was also O'Connell's finish in the 1000 yds. run.

E. H. S.

Emery,

Hanson,

Dow,

Purtell.

B. L. S.

Daly,

Lincoln,

Maguire,

Bush.

Won by B. L. S. on a foul. Time, 3 min., 14 sec.

Hoppy is anxious for a team race in the Interscholastic meet, but after our defeat of English High, it is probable that Portland, Me., High School will be our opponents. E. H. S. wishes for another chance at our school meet.

It is to be hoped that our measurements will be more exact than our neighbors' were, and that our men won't be obliged to run a quarter more than their distance.

The National Interscholastic Association is undergoing much adverse criticism, but we are glad to say that it bids fair to weather it all. The proposed date of the meet, the third Saturday in June, will probably be changed, since so many of the contestants will be, at that time, in the midst of their college entrance exams.

SCHOOL NOTES.

*"A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it."*

Spring is at hand and our school year is approaching its end. Only three more declamations to learn, four more reports to be carried home, about sixteen approbation cards to be earned, and marks *ad libitum*!

George W. Fuller, B. L. S. '95, who was not included in the list of the class published

in the September number of the REGISTER, was admitted to Harvard, passing "with credit" in elementary Greek and elementary French. He is now on the editorial staff of the Bangor Daily News.

A very pleasant innovation was made upon the customary order of exercises at the last Public Declamation in the form of two songs by the Glee Club. There seemed to be a slight preponderance of bass, but we hope soon to hear the club again, and after the novelty of the situation has worn off, they will be able to do better. Mr. Howell deserves the thanks of the school for the time and the interest he has taken to advance the musical part of our school exercises.

How vivid and interesting must the passage of Homer be, in which (as one of our school-mates said) *the horses stood with their feet in the air and their variegated armor layed near by.*

The gymnastic feat of the Homeric animals is almost equalled by a curious bit of medical phenomena from Room 5. *Sa tête tomba sur sa poitrine*: "His head fell on his stomach." "Colomba" seems a fertile source of strange performances, for again we are told that the heroine of that interesting story *lui tourna le dos*,—"turned him on his back."

In snarled roots of Homer's Greek

The First class dig uneasy;

The maze of "comp" the juniors seek,

And Xenophon so easy.

While hopeful Third's embryos slim

With paradigms are rife,

And growing dim by doses grim

Of Xenophon's first strife.

But happy Fourth is best of these,

For nix of Greek see they;

But proud in French and Cæsar's trench

They wend their learned way.

How would a coat-rack do in Room 18?

J. P. Warren, B. L. S. '92, Harvard '96, has been selected as one of the three debaters to compete against Princeton next March.

λαζοῖατο γαῖαν—"they chewed the ground."

Und küsste ihm Mund und Augen:—

"And kissed him on the mouth and ears."

H. L. Morse, '95, now in Tech., has visited us twice since the New Year.

"M —, you have as much giggle in you as a girl!" This from one of the instructors. What are boys coming to, who elicit such exclamations from our usually serene teachers.

Teacher—What are you two boys eating?

Boys (full with ice, as to their mouths)—
lthe, thir!"

C. W. Hardy, '95, was present at a recent drill.

"The Duchess summoned King Gotthard, an aunt on her mother's side."

F. B. Granger, '95, made a short call on us recently.

κορυθαίολος—"of the glancing pate."

The first class have taken up a book by Defoe, which they affirm is essentially a "plague."

Morrison, '95, wins on his half year's work one of the Crowninshield scholarships at Harvard. The scholarship is for four years.

νύον ἀνδρῶν αἰχμητάων—"the sponse of warlike men."

Question: Can an invariable rule have an invariable exception?

Als nun das Fest anhub — "when now the feast was heaved up."

Bartlett, ex-'95, now of Dartmouth, visited us a short time ago and witnessed battalion drill.

F. J. Kneeland, ex-'96, will not return to school on account of his severe and protracted illness. He is very much disappointed not to be able to complete his course in the Latin School, and his classmates feel likewise in loss of such an able scholar.

Twice this year there has come a Monday morning when the school-rooms were so chilly that the head master considered it advisable to dismiss the scholars. What rejoicing was there!

A new rendering for the hackneyed first lines of the *Æneid* has to our notice. "*Arma virumque cano, etc.*" — "a man came into Italy with a dog and a gun."

Teacher—What English word is derived from Latin "*dominus*?"

Pupil—Dominoes, sir!

Quite often of late there have been sounds of music issuing from the closed doors of the exhibition hall after school. The result of patient practice may be seen in the rendering of our catchy class song.

Teacher (explaining the Pythagorean theorem): Now, boys, this point is the very pith of the whole thing.

Boy (in stage whisper): If that is the Pyth, where is the "agorean"?

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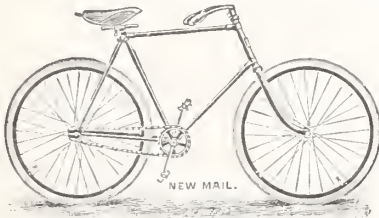
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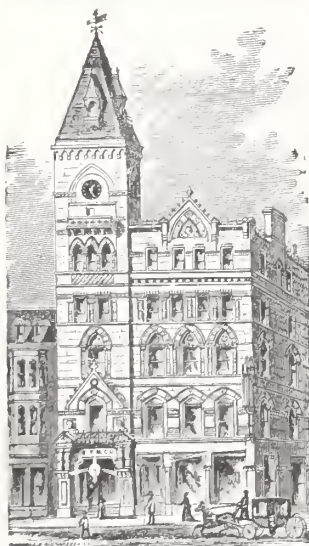
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